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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXI. SEPTEMBER, 1912. No. 4

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

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*INVISIBLE PASSENGERS.**

Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me!

—Translated from Uhland, by Henry W. Longfellow, in "Hyperion."

*The editor has not the volume of Uhland at hand, and Longfellow does not give the title.

SUFFERING AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT IN CHARACTER BUILDING.

[A part of this sermon has been printed before.]

But a still more impressive illustration of the power and use of suffering is seen in what is said about its influence on the character of Jesus in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Here an apostolic writer says that, in bringing many souls into the radiance of ideal goodness, truth, and beauty, the heavenly Father employed the discipline of pain and sorrow "to make the captain of their salvation perfect,"—that thus having suffered himself ("being tempted like as we are"), he should be able to comfort, inspire, and help all tempted, struggling, disheartened souls.

From our text we learn that the sufferings of Jesus were a necessary part of his human training, teaching him how to sympathize with other sufferers. And what a beam of divine light this throws upon the dark mystery of evil! Even the well-beloved son of God, "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person," needed to go down into the depths of temptation and sorrow before he could say to his fellow-sufferers of earth: "Follow me, and I will guide you in difficulty and conflict, soothe you in loneliness and grief, and comfort you in any distress by the comfort wherewith I have been comforted of God; for I, too, have passed through the vale of tears and know what sore temptations mean, and thus acquired the ability to help you rise above the stress and strain of daily life and become perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

So Jesus, having shared our "chastisement" as children of God, "learned obedience by the things which he suffered," and thus became the supreme example of the uplifting and refining influence of suffering nobly borne. In his experience we see how the heavenly Father chastens us, not for his own pleasure, but for our profit, that we may become perfect. Thus, likewise, we see how faith in Jesus gives the soul peace and courage and hope. When we are tempted by love of ease, selfish ambition, the desire for renown; when we are tried by illness,

disappointment, or bereavement; when we are discouraged and lonely,—"the whole head sick and the whole heart faint,"—then the experience of Jesus rises before us like a beacon fire on a hilltop, showing us how these hard and bitter trials are sent by divine Providence to purify and ennoble the soul, to give us strength of will, earnestness of purpose, a higher outlook, a broader sympathy, and a more inclusive love, that thus we may become fellow-workers with God in lifting mankind to the ideal life of spiritual happiness and perpetual progress.

It is usually supposed that death is the greatest of evils, and many people believe that it came into the world as punishment for Adam's sin. But, without stopping now to consider the unscientific aspect of this view of the black shadow that darkens every earthly home, let us try to think of death as an Angel of Mercy, sent by Providence to bear us up in the arms of love to a higher sphere of being. For, as death comes to all alike, it must be just as much a part of the divinely natural order of the universe as birth, growth, and maturity; and, therefore, not an evil for our punishment, but a good gift of God and in entire harmony with his original plan for the education, development, and progress of mankind onward and upward forever.

The greatest of evils, however,—that which causes the most pain and grief and woe,—is not death, but sin. Now, is there any good in sin? Can we believe that sin, also, belongs to the divine plan and is in accordance with universal law? That what cyclones and earthquakes are to the outward world, sin is to the moral universe? Such a question is easier asked than answered. But this much we know: sin is the result of conflict between human desire and the divine will,—the ambition of an individual soul to obtain personal satisfaction without regard for the eternal fitness of things, the law of Right. Sin is disobedience to the law of God written in the conscience, and is always opposed to the moral order of the universe. Therefore, whatever may be the cause of sin,—whether ignorance, selfishness, lack of self-control, or positive rebellion against moral and religious sanctions,—it has nothing in common with goodness. It is one of the strange, insolvable mysteries connected with the freedom of the human will.

Nevertheless, experience shows that sin may be the means of awakening the conscience and thus lifting the soul into the higher life of ideal love and righteousness. You remember how Jesus once said, in reference to one who had been saved from a life of shame, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, because she loved much; but those who have little forgiven them, love but little." It is the sense of sin, the consciousness of its degrading effect on character, the feeling of remorse burning in the heart on account of wrong-doing that brings many a poor soul to itself, causing it to pray for the first time, perhaps, and leading it to resolve to arise and go to the Father in penitence and submission. Out of the depths of folly, disgrace, and anguish it calls upon God who never fails to listen to the cry or to recognize the voice of his child, and always comes forth with the open arms of forgiving love to meet and receive the fallen and the lost.

The sublime pathos of the Fifty-first Psalm, which has been the comfort and inspiration of multitudes of human souls for thousands of years, came from the trembling lips of a man whose heart was all aflame with remorse for sins, the stain of which could only be wiped out by the tender compassion of infinite love. "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

Thus both ancient Scripture and the teaching of Jesus suggest the conclusion that sin, too, is like the charcoal which becomes a diamond, since it is the means—through penitence and faith—of bringing the soul into communion with God and inciting it to begin to live the ideal life of submission to the divine will and devotion to goodness and truth.

Therefore, let us comfort and encourage ourselves and others with the assurance that the temptations and perplexities, the toils and cares, the pains and sorrows of human experience, are angels of light and messengers of love sent by the Father in heaven to lead his children into the perfect life of self-control and self-direction, of trust in God and love for man, and the consciousness of an immortal destiny.

"Is it raining, little flower?
Be glad of rain!
Too much sun would wither thee—
'Twill shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true;
But just behind them shines the blue.
Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain!
In sorrow sweetest things will grow
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done."

—*Alexander T. Bowser.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE LAST EVE OF SUMMER.

Summer's last sun nigh unto setting shines
Through yon columnar pines,
And on the deepening shadows of the lawn
Its golden lines are drawn.

Dreaming of long gone summer days like this,
Feeling the wind's soft kiss,
Grateful and glad that failing ear and sight
Have still their old delight,

I sit alone, and watch the warm, sweet day
Lapse tenderly away;
And, wistful, with a feeling of forecast,
I ask, "Is this the last?

"Will nevermore for me the seasons run
Their round, and will the sun
Of ardent summers yet to come forget
For me to rise and set?"

Thou shouldst be here, or I should be with thee
Wherever thou mayst be,
Lips mute, hands clasped, in silences of speech,
Each answering unto each.

For this still hour, this sense of mystery far
Beyond the evening star,
No words outworn suffice on lip or scroll:
The soul would fain with soul

Wait, while these few swift-passing days fulfil
The wise-disposing Will,
And, in the evening as at morning, trust
The All-Merciful and Just.

The solemn joy that soul-communion feels
Immortal life reveals;
And human love, its prophecy and sign,
Interprets love divine.

Come, then, in thought, if that alone may be,
O friend! and bring with thee
Thy calm assurance of transcendent Spheres
And the Eternal Years!

—*John G. Whittier.*

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

Some experience of evil seems to be the necessary condition of the development of the greatest qualities of the human soul. Lovely is the gayety of childhood; sweet the charm of youth, full of hope, unconscious of the dark hours to come! But, in order that the light graces of childhood may pass into the strength of manly devotion to right, trial must come, difficulty must be encountered, sorrow endured. The soul which has not suffered has not the depth of conviction and solidity of purpose which turn the boy into a man. Take pain and trial out of life, and human nature would lose the heroic element and the earnestness of its convictions. And a great thinker has told us that without earnestness life has not real satisfaction. The days of history which have produced heroes, saints, and martyrs have been those of stormy conflict, terrible endurance, when men have resisted unto death, striving against sin. Without Tilly and Wallenstein, no Gustavus Adolphus; without the persecutions of Alva, no William of Orange; without the tyranny of Charles, no Hampden; without the obstinacy of George III., no Washington.

The solemn inspiration of Milton came to him when he had fallen on evil days and tongues; the celestial light shone in upon his heart when he sat in darkness, and when nature's works were a blank, and he saw neither the coming day, nor the summer's rose, nor the human face divine. And, while Dante wandered an exile from his dear Florence, a sad, stern, lonely man, there descended into his soul that song which has lifted all poetry to a higher level.

ALL THINGS FOR GOOD.

If we believe in a God of infinite perfection, a God who loves all his creatures with an infinite love, of whom the sun, shining alike on good and evil is the symbol, who desires that no one should perish; who is infinite wisdom, knowing how to make his creatures happy in the right way; and infinite power, to carry out all his plans in regard to them; a God who is love, and who is above all, and through all, and in all things,—if we have this faith, we must believe that evil is transient, and good permanent; that evil is a means, and good the end; that the final results to each and all of God's creatures must be good, and increasing good. . . .

Those who love God will find all things working together for their good. Everything will make part of their education; everything will give them new opportunity; everything will help them, as sunshine or storm, summer or winter helps the trees. When the sun shines warmly, the tree opens all its buds and leaves, and drinks in the warm air and grows. When the cold storms of winter beat upon it, it withdraws into itself, and shuts its pores, and tightens its hold by the roots, and *hardens*. So, when all things are pleasant in life, we enjoy them gratefully, and expand in God's sunshine with thankful hearts. When disappointment and

trial comes, we learn to be patient, trusting, submissive, hopeful, firm, and true, and that is good for us also. . . .

When God, in his providence, takes away our friends, and leaves us alone, then, also, we find that this bereavement works for our good, if we love God.

We are alone, but not lonely. Our friends come to us when they go away. They stay with us when they ascend to heaven. The love, which was no mere earthly tie of convenience or pleasure, which loved what was best in the friend, and sought to impart what was good as well as to receive it, does not die,—it lives.

As the disciples, when Jesus left them, grew much more intimate with him, and understood him far better than before, and had him really nearer to them than when they saw him, so our friends who have gone away often seem nearer, and they bless us by lifting our hearts to the heavens which are their home, and we commune with their interior nature as we never did before.

Therefore, O Human Heart! trust and hope and look forward and do not doubt nor fear, but go from truth to truth, from love to higher love. We do not wish to be unclothed of this world's affections and interests, but clothed upon with higher. This life is not the end, but the beginning. This poor body of ours, poor, but yet wonderful in its mysterious faculties, is the germ of a higher body. The friend who has left us, the dear child, sister, brother, father, mother, we shall meet again; and that divine grace which charmed our heart shall smile in us when we enter heaven, with a more profound and angelic beauty.—*James Freeman Clarke, in "Not Unclothed, but Clothed Upon."*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests to be printed in this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 60 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Mrs. S. Minot, of Northfield, Mass., offers "Teacher's Guide for Sunday School Work."

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Miss A. J. Dawson, Estmont, Virginia, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1911 and *Delineator* for 1912.

2. Galacio M. Juarez, Falisay, Philippine Islands. Oce. Neg., will be very glad and grateful for magazines.

3. I thank you all so much for nice cards and pictures you have so kindly sent me. You all have given me so much pleasure with reading, cards, sometimes letters. May God ever bless your good works. I would appreciate it if some one would send me *Youth's Companion* and "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." I would write and thank each one, but am unable to furnish postage. Mrs. Joseph E. Broadway, Polkton, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 30.

4. Mr. L. D. Wickham, Floyd, Virginia, R. F. D. 6, asks for "The Strenuous Life," by Roosevelt.

5. I write to ask for "The Pilgrim's Progress," or any good literature. I am a teacher, but my salary is small, and I'm not able to buy the books I should like to have for my sister and adopted brother to read. My parents are feeble and need my assistance. All of us are fond of reading and will be glad of any good books. My pastor is Rev. J. S. Ryland, Cedon, Virginia.

Miss Rosa S. Hewlett, Beaverdam, Virginia.

6. Miss Elma Horton, Elkville, North Carolina, asks especially for "St. Elmo," and "But yet a Woman," and will be glad of anything else.

7. Gertrude Swaringer, Albemarle, North Carolina, a twelve-year-old girl, will be glad of pictures and suitable reading.

8. Mrs. F. J. Curlee, Marshville, North Carolina, Route 5, Box 52, an invalid, will be glad of light reading.

9. Miss Mabel Peake, Holladay, Virginia, asks for the following: "Kept for the Master's Use," "Little Women," "Pilgrim's Progress," Longfellow's Poems, or other Poems, and the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1911.

The "Wide, Wide World" is asked for by the following correspondents: Susie Thompson, Dellvale, Kansas, R. 1. No. 22; Miss Odessa O. Roberson, Dodson, Patrick County, Virginia; Ethel Ballard, Box 211, Ansonville, Anson County, North Carolina; Mrs. J. Fulmer, Box 51, R. F. D. No. 1, Marble, North Carolina; Mrs. B. O. Blalock, 530 North Long Street, Salisbury, North Carolina; Mrs. C. D. Thomas, R. I. Box 60, Jackson's Gap, Alabama; Miss Lou Sims, Jamestown, Tennessee; Mrs. J. L. Kirbe, Palmersville, North Carolina; Frederick W. Keene, North Berwick, Maine.

The friends of Mrs. "Lou M. Freeman," formerly of Correctionville, Iowa, later of Lake Andes, South Dakota, will be sorry to hear of her death, which occurred on June 28, at her home in Lake Andes. She was in her sixty-sixth year.

Mrs. Freeman has been one of the most valued members of the Cheerful Letter Exchange from its first year, 1892. Her correspondents became her warmly attached friends. The following extract is taken from a Correctionville newspaper sent us by her son, Mr. Brant H. Freeman:—

"Louisa M. Freeman was a woman of such quality as were the women who helped establish the republic; of resource and intellect. She was liked by every one that had ever met her, and a memory of her is like an ancestral jewel, a heritage. Most of her younger years were spent in the useful life of a school-teacher. She is ranked with the old settlers of this vicinity, as her initial visit was made here when the country was not fenced and the land was being tilled preparatory for the settlers' first harvest. About five years ago she saw that the great future of South Dakota was to be prolific of good results to land-owners and thereupon sold her property here and, with her son Brant H. Freeman, bought several hundred acres of land near Lake Andes which has since doubled in value. While a resident here Mrs. Freeman was troubled with sciatic rheumatism and everything was done to abate the disease which caused her much suffering, but which she endured without complaint. Her suffering and encroachment of age in a measure were responsible for the attacks of paralysis that twice threatened her life, and it is believed that such an attack caused her sudden demise.

"The deceased was the step-grandmother of Fred C. and John I. Freeman of this place, and was a loving grandmother to them and the only one they ever had of whom they can cherish a remembrance."

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A NURSERY SONG OF LONG AGO.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened, and heard a mother sheep say:
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet.
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,—
Oh! he is my darling, my heart's delight.
The robin, she
That sings in the tree,
Dearly may dote on her darlings four;
But I love my one little lambkin more."
And the mother sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat and her kittens three!
I heard her whispering soft,—said she:
"My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird in the tree
And the old ewe, she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning and noon and night.
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell,—
Which of the three,
For the life of me,—
I love them all so well.
Now, I'll take up my kitties,—the kitties I love,—
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little kitten lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked and she scratched and she bristled away;
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say: "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb;
But they do not know what a proud mother I am.
For lambs or for kittens, I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on their knees.
No, no! not though
The kittens could crow
Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.

My dear downy darlings! my sweet little
things!
Come, nestle now cozily under my wings."
So the hen said;
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather-bed.
And there let them sleep in the feathers so
warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my arm.
—*Mrs. Carter.*

WHEN CHILDREN TRAVEL.

In the last *Cheerful Letter* an anecdote is told of a mother who being irritated by a boy's fidgeting, when on a long fatiguing journey in a railroad train, struck him a sharp blow on the leg. The story goes on to say that the boy, about eight years old, evidently felt the injustice of this punishment, and sat with a sullen look on his face, and a few minutes later gave a slap to his little brother who had done something to vex him.

It seems strange that any parent should be so ignorant of some of the first principles which should be understood in the training of children.

Providence has arranged it so that a nervous force is constantly generated in a healthy child. He is continually in motion and full of what seem to older people needless activities, jumping and running where he might walk, climbing a fence when he might go through a gate, springing up and down when he might be sitting in a chair. This is simply the method of Providence for developing all his muscles and making him a vigorous and healthy man. A child cannot sit still a long time. If he did, it would be because he is out of health, and his mother ought to be anxious in such a case.

Now there are times when this activity and energy are inconvenient to older persons, but it ought not to be regarded as a fault.

A sensible mother will regulate this expression of abounding vitality, universal in all healthy children, and fortunately there are ways in which this can be done. The nervous force and excitement constantly generated in the child's body may, to some extent, be worked off through the brain. A mother will find it much less trouble to consider beforehand how to amuse and interest a restless child upon a long journey than merely telling him to sit still and then scold or punish him for fidgeting.

If he is allowed to sit by the window and look out, that alone will be recreation and occupation enough for some time.

It is worth while to carry some little games with her. There are many light and small enough to go easily into a hand-bag,—a solitaire board, an alphabet game, a game of numbers. There are many games of cards with questions and answers. Some little girls of my acquaintance found the tedium of a three days' journey greatly relieved by the society of a family of paper dolls. For younger children a box of dissected pictures will afford amusement for a long time. Other toys will suggest themselves. A boy may be allowed to change his seat, moving to the other side of the car. Any motion should be permitted which does not infringe on the comfort of other passengers. One of the earliest lessons taught to children should be to respect the rights of others, but a little skill and sagacity can accomplish all that is needed without causing annoyance to others. If a boy wants to move and take a seat on the other side of the car some distance off, remind him gently to walk carefully and not strike against the seats where passengers are sitting. Commend him when he shows any thoughtfulness of this kind. Always allow him to do anything which does not in itself do harm, even if it seems foolish to you. If he wants to go and look out of the back door of the car when the train stops for a time, go with him and hold his hand to insure his safety. Do not say, "Oh, no, do be quiet; the train will soon begin to go again." It is not for the sake of what he will see that he wants to move, but for the change and variety of the motion.

L. F. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

NIGHTHAWK. BULL-BAT. MOSQUITO HAWK.

Order, *Macrochires*. Sub-order, *Caprimulgi*. Family, *Caprimulgidæ*. Genus, *Chordeiles*. Species, *Chordeiles virginianus*.

Description.—Nighthawk (*C. virginianus*). Males: Entire upper portions black, mottled with gray and buff, white throat patch bordered by black on breast, rest of under parts barred with black and white; tail, dark wood-brown or blackish, crossed near tip with broad white band, except on middle feathers. The distinguishing mark is the conspicuous white band on the primary feathers of the wing; bill very small with wide gape; feet very small and weak; length of bird from tip of bill to end of tail, 9½ to 10 inches. Female: Like male, with less or no white on tail. There are three allied sub-species as follows:—

Western Nighthawk (*C. v. henryi*) is somewhat lighter colored.

Sennett Nighthawk (*C. v. sennetti*) is still paler.

Florida Nighthawk (*C. v. chapmani*) is darkest and smaller.

The Texan Nighthawk (*Chordeiles acutipennis texensis*) is the smallest form, pale in

color, with the white wing bar back of the tip of the seventh primary, instead of before it, as in the other species.

Description.—The Nighthawk is found throughout Eastern North America from the Gulf States to 59 degrees north latitude, east of the Plains, and north-westerly to 65 degrees north latitude, also irregularly to British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, and Northern California in wooded districts.

Western Nighthawk is found in Western North America; Central British Columbia to 55 degrees north latitude; Southern Alberta, Assiniboia, and Western Manitoba; east in United States to Minnesota, Iowa, Northern and Central Illinois, Kansas, Indian Territory, Western and Southern Texas.

Sennett Nighthawk is found on the western plains, from the Saskatchewan south to Texas.

Florida Nighthawk is found in Florida and westward along the Gulf coast to Texas; casually as far north as North Carolina.

Texan Nighthawk is found in Southern and Western Texas; Southern New Mexico and Arizona, California north, in eastern part, to 38 degrees; Southern Nevada and Utah, and casually east to South-western Louisiana. All winter south of the United States, the western form even reaching Patagonia.

Eggs.—Two, creamy or grayish white, profusely speckled with blackish, brownish-gray, or lavender; always laid on bare ground or a flat rock in an exposed situation.

The Nighthawk, or Bull-bat (*Chordeiles virginianus*), is a bird which neither attracts attention by the beauty of its plumage nor the sweetness of its song. It is most often seen soaring high in air in the afternoon or early evening, and at such times utters its only note, a sound much resembling the "scaip" of the woodcock. When at rest it is usually seen on a bare limb of a tree or the rail of a fence, where it sits with its body lengthwise of the perch, instead of crosswise as is generally the case with other birds. It does not attach itself to the abodes of man and render itself agreeable by its sprightly manners and pleasing companionship, but holds itself aloof from the works of civilization, and at nesting time brings forth its young upon rocks and bare knolls remote from human dwellings. To this there is one remarkable exception. In large cities, where most of the buildings are high, with flat roofs, often covered with gravel, the house-tops are as free from human intrusion as the top of a mountain, and the nighthawks take advantage of this artificial desert to lay their eggs and rear their young safe from man, who crawls about in the crevices of streets far below.

The body of the nighthawk is much smaller than one would suppose from seeing the bird upon the wing. The long wings and the loose, fluffy feathers tend to give an exaggerated appearance of size that is not real. The body is actually so small and with so little flesh on the loose skeleton that it is about the last bird one would suppose that any one would kill for food. The pectoral muscles which move the long wings constitute the principal and only part where there is much flesh. The legs are small and weak and do not appear to have much use, so that the muscles which move them are reduced to a minimum.

In one point, however, the nighthawk's anatomy is fully developed: its stomach is huge for so small a bird. In capacity it fully equals, if it does not exceed, that of the common pigeon, whose body is at least twice as large. It is right here that the nighthawk's usefulness appears. This enormous stomach must be kept filled to supply motive power for the long wings which are kept in motion so many hours. To facilitate this work, Nature has given the bird an immense mouth, which is really more like the mouth of a turtle or a frog than of a bird. The food consists of insects taken on the wing, and so greedy is the bird that, when food is plenty, it fills its great stomach almost to bursting. To ascertain the character of the food taken, nearly one hundred stomachs were examined, with interesting results. One of the most conspicuous elements was flying ants. Remains were found in 36 stomachs, in 24 of which the number ranged from 200 to 1,800.

While ants have at times a useful function, they are for the most part annoying and harmful insects, and it is evident that they would be much more numerous than they are were not their ranks so severely thinned by the attacks of the nighthawks. Moreover, these ants are killed at the most important epoch of their lives, when they are preparing to propagate their kind, when the death of every female means the loss of hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of the next generation. In this work nighthawks rank next to, or even with, the woodpeckers, the acknowledged ant-eaters among birds. Grasshoppers are another important article of the nighthawk's diet. One stomach contained the remains of 60 individuals, probably the refuse of several meals, as the jaws of the insects were the principal remains. Another stomach contained 38, another 22, and still another 19. These last were mostly entire, and serve to show how much the stomach of a nighthawk can hold. Many other stomachs contained smaller numbers of these insects. May beetles (*Lachnosterna*)

were found in a number of stomachs. One held the remains of 34, another 23, and a third 17. Several other stomachs contained less numbers. Besides these, many other injurious or annoying insects were found, but mostly in smaller quantities. One bird had eaten three Colorado potato beetles: several had taken both the striped and spotted squash beetles. Many other less known but injurious beetles were found, one stomach containing no less than seventeen different species.

Bugs of the Chinch bug family were found in very considerable numbers, though that pest itself was not observed. Leaf-hoppers were also eaten in considerable numbers. Many stomachs were nearly filled with some soft-bodied, dipterous insects, allied to mosquitoes, but not further identified.

From these glimpses of the nighthawk's food habits it must be evident that it is one of our most useful birds. Not only does it do a great amount of positive good by the destruction of enormous numbers of insects, but it is to be commended for its negative qualities, in that it not only does not destroy any of the farmer's crops, but does not even visit them or use them for nesting sites. It never touches grain or fruit; it never troubles the garden; and in the orchard it only occasionally perches upon the branch of an apple-tree. It does not even ask a blade of grass with which to build its nest, for it makes no nest. It does not injure the grass by laying its eggs thereon, for its eggs are laid upon bare earth or on a rock. It does not molest poultry nor the nests of other birds. Indeed, where can we look to find a bird whose direct contact with man and his works is so slight? When we consider that this bird renders such a signal service to man, and asks nothing and takes nothing in return, it seems as if it should have every protection that can be afforded. Its body at best yields but a morsel of food when killed; and, when we think of the worth of its services while living, we are impressed with the belief that the economy of using its body for food is much like that involved in cutting off the tops of a pair of boots in order to make a pair of shoes. In some parts of the country the nighthawk is not only killed for food, but is used as a target for gun practice on the wing, under the impression that it is a bird whose killing can do no harm. How erroneous this is we have already shown. When we consider that during many hours of the evening, and often all day, these birds sweep the air with their great dragnets of mouths, we do not wonder at the enormous numbers of insects which they capture. The eighty-seven stomachs examined were estimated to contain not less than 20,000 ants alone, and this was not half of the insect contents.

In view of these facts we hope that the practice of killing this bird, whether for food or for sport, will be wholly given up. It is a practice which at best affords poor returns of either, and which entails an almost incalculable injury upon the agricultural interest.

STUDY POINTS.—Trace distribution of each species on map. Which species is found in your locality? When does it arrive in spring? When does it leave in autumn? Have you noted any peculiarity of flight? Describe it. Tell what you know of its food. When and how does it feed? Why is the nighthawk beneficial? To what class of citizens most beneficial?

For detailed life history of the Nighthawk, read "Life Histories of North American Birds," by Charles Bendire, Major, U.S.A.—*F. E. L. Beal, Audubon Leaflet.*

NOBLE LIVES.

VI.

LUCRETIA CROCKER.

Teacher.

Education was eminently the work of this noble woman, who was happy in the directness of her aims and the perfect adaptation of her powers to the task she loved. And yet to many minds the name of "teacher" would not call up the gracious image of our friend; for nothing was more unlike her than the picture of the pedagogue, stern, unsympathetic, dictatorial, and pedantic, which this word often conjures up. She was the teacher, because she was herself that which she wished others to be. So graceful in person and manners, so tender and loving in feeling, so full of quick, fine sympathy, of gentle playfulness, that it required experience of her thought and work to find the mathematician and the disciplinarian beneath this lovely appearance.

Her success in teaching came, first, from her own love of knowledge, and, secondly, from her power of imparting clearly what she thoroughly knew herself. Her delight in her work illuminated it.

Lucretia Crocker was born in Barnstable, Mass., Dec. 31, 1829. There is little information regarding her childhood or girlish life. Her ancestors came early to this country,

and settled in the old Commonwealth. All her influences and associations belonged to the New England type of life.

The following extracts are taken from an address by Mrs. Louisa Hopkins, who succeeded Miss Crocker as supervisor in the Public Schools of Boston:—

"I first met Miss Crocker at the Normal School in West Newton, where she was one of a trio of gifted and lovely women whom I was so fortunate as to call my teachers. Nothing could be more exquisitely feminine than the personal traits and demeanor which distinguished her. A tall and slender form, girlish in outline, with classic poise and contour of head and face, she gave at once such an impression of gentleness and firmness, of strength and delicacy, of reserve and expression, of modesty and mastery, as are rarely combined in mature life. Still more rare are such balance and repose resulting from such diverse activity seen in a maiden of hardly twenty summers. These characteristics remained hers through life. Without assumption she was an incarnation of inborn leadership. With an ambition and determination for exact and thorough scholarship, with a conscientious devotion to whatever she accepted as duty, with a mind of wonderful order and symmetry and crystalline clearness of perception, unequivocal in its decisions, with a native power of organizing and classifying, an instinct for imparting and directing, she made a perfect presiding officer and an invariably successful builder and head of complex organizations. Yet, in all this manifestation of qualities usually regarded as masculine, her extreme development of the distinctively feminine was quite as marked, and preserved her womanliness intact and supreme. . . . Indeed it was the quiet womanly force operating in every direction of mental and moral activity, radical, permeating, and diffusive, which made her not only an oracle, but an inspiration to all who knew her. . . . There she stands in my memory, the 'Maiden Teacher,' with her fine reserve of posture, her simple and native dignity of manner, her fair and pure lines of form and face, the essence of delicacy and refinement and of quiet strength. . . . In recalling her history and trying to portray her image, I find myself ever retreating from the forms and activities of her life to its essence, so much more beautiful was she than all her work; yet I must go back to some of her marvellous work as a teacher. Geography, natural science, and mathematics were her specialties in the Normal School while I was there. In geography she simply inspired us all. Her soft, clear voice, distinct and delicate utterance, made the finest truths articulate. The globe was her only text-book; and, as she stood beside it, her dainty fingers straying over its surface or pointing unerringly to the spot of which she spoke, she seemed to hold the round earth as a toy in her slender hands, revealing all its mechanism, all its beauty, all its relations to the delighted group before her. She threw streams of light over its mountains, plains, and oceans, till it glowed in our minds with undying suggestiveness and ever-widening vistas of future study. I have again and again said to myself, as one or another of her pupils has since those days dealt with the subject with the conspicuous approval of the public, 'That is Miss Crocker's teaching blooming out through other minds.' I do not think I shall be gainsaid when I refer to Miss Hall's well-known geographies, which Miss Crocker herself conducted through the press, or Miss Andrews' lovely introductions to this study which are now read by all our children.

"In zoölogy I shall never forget her clear-cut analysis, her inclusive grouping, her adherence to the supremacy of type; and, when in that department Agassiz came before us to open wide the gates and shed the lustre of his genius and his love upon the realms of living form, we know he found our teacher a true priestess in the temple of Nature, and revered and admired her. But above all other wonders of her skill was the wonder of her teaching in the higher mathematics. Is it possible she was but a girl? See the schoolroom walls lined with classes at work on the blackboard, while she stood without sign of book or any prompting except of her own sure brain, and ran the sweet gamut of her clear tones through problem after problem in plane or spherical trigonometry, assigning with lightning rapidity, and as easily as the bird sings his call, the difficult task to one after another of the responsive and expectant line. Then how quick she was to note the error, and, without waste of time or words, to call attention to it, just so as would clear it up directly to the mind of the worker. Her skill, facility, and crystalline clearness in mathematics were extraordinary. Her hold upon the class was thoroughly magnetic, and the brains before her were moved by her as the electric wires by the battery. . . . It was after such a masterpiece of her work at a public examination that one of the first educators expressed his admiration, saying that 'she could fill the Chair of Mathematics in any university with distinguished ability.'"

"Memorial of Lucretia Crocker," edited by E. D. Cheney.

LOVE'S POWER OVER WILD ANIMALS.

When Professor Henry Drummond wrote his "Greatest Thing in the World," he was merely putting into modern form Saint Paul's "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." When I was a youth, living in my native place, the St. Ogg's of George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," I had a class in a Sunday-school. For three years, twice each Sunday, we read and studied, talked over and sought to apply in every possible way, the teaching of Saint Paul as embodied in that sublime peroration of his and recorded in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. Naturally we took into consideration all the Biblical teachings upon the subject, both of the Old and New Testaments. But nothing in the whole realm of our study made a deeper impression upon my own mind than that Paul's high and ideal conceptions were to be lived by us here and now. Love "beareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth all things" now; love "never faileth" now; and then, when there came in its marvellous power the declaration of Saint John, that "perfect love casteth out fear," I found I had to remodel my thoughts, recast my habits of life, as it were, to meet the demands of the higher conceptions.

Since then thirty-five years have elapsed. I have been a poor scholar at times. In the sight of man, perhaps, my aim to possess this love has been as hidden as if it were *non est*, yet in my inmost heart I have ever kept it in view, ever longed to attain so that I might practically, daily, apply it, and thus live the life.

I am more convinced now than ever of the great power of love. It surpasses all physical or mental power; it transcends knowledge; it penetrates deeper, reaches further, spreads wider, ascends higher, than all things else combined, and is over and above and around them all. It is stronger than all strength, more potent than all power, more tender than all tenderness, more forceful than all force, more gentle than all gentleness, that is not itself. It breathes in the fragrance of the flower, the tenderness of the mother's kiss, the perfection of the husband's devotion or the wife's love, the herb's self-sacrifice and the patriot's abnegation, for it is the source and origin of them all. It is in the dewdrop, in the snow-flake, in the rain-storm, in the nearest planet and the most distant fixed star: it holds in place the Pleiades and sweeps Orion through boundless space at fearful speeds for countless centuries without disturbance, guiding them through paths of meteorites and comets in security and peace. It is man's joy and comfort, his reliance and his power, his inspiration, his strength, his guide and his salvation. Without it he would not be. With it he not only is, but has dominion over all things on the earth, in the waters under the earth, and erelong will have dominion over the air. With the exercise of physical strength and mental power man seems to dominate the animals and control the actions of wild men, but with Love in actual and active exercise towards them he leads them into willing relationship, into the harmony that produces joyous service. In the one case we have scarce-restrained savagery, wilderness ready to burst its bonds at any moment, cruelty merely held in leash, but in the other savagery, wilderness, and cruelty disappear, and trust, peace, kindness, and Love reign supreme in their stead.

In the experiences that I shall relate in this series of articles it will be seen that I have been constantly groping towards this larger truth. That unconsciously I have recognized, even though in small measure, the words of Browning,—

"God made all the creatures and gave them
our love and our fear,
To give sign we and they are His children,
one family here."

Fierce dogs, "outlaw" horses, bears, badgers, wild deer in the forest, lynxes, coyotes, foxes, lizards, turtles, a chuckawalla, rattlesnakes, a timber-wolf, a lion have been either among my pets or have yielded their fierceness and dangerousness to the power of love. Yet I am no "animal tamer." I would not know how to go about any such processes as the tamers describe. I have merely followed my natural impulses to pour out love upon the animals and reptiles with which I came in contact; sought to soothe some of the hardships out of their lives; endeavored to make them realize that I was reaching out the hand of kinship to them—friendly, helpful kinship—instead of hatred, fear, hostility, and murder.

Some of these experiences were and are known to thousands of friends and strangers, others to but few, while some were seen by no other than myself.

If this personal record of one imperfect man's experiences in seeking to use love in his daily life in contact with wild animals helps call forth more love in the hearts and lives of his readers, then will the full aim of this writing be accomplished.—*George Wharton James, in "Our Dumb Animals."*

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"I was a full-fledged M.D. once, and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident when I first hung out my shingle.

"I had a rich neighbor, a man I was bound to propitiate; and the very first call I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, was to his barn to see what was the matter with his sick mare. I cured the mare, and took in my shingle; for from that day to this I've never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon and had to stick to it. But that's neither here nor there. Only, if you think animals can't show gratitude and affection, perhaps you'll change your mind.

"When I'd been in business a year or two, I sent for my brother Dick. He was a wonderful chap with all kinds of animals; and I thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it and leave that for him. I never did; for Dick's cotton broker in New York now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first-rate physician. But that's what I meant to be then.

"The very next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stables, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The despatch was:—

"'Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once!'

"*Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune.*

"Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrusted my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and go we did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there with a splendid pair of matched grays. He eyed me very dubiously. 'I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow,' he said in a discouraged tone. 'I'm afraid you can't help her.' His distrust put me on my mettle.

"'Mr. Barnum,' said I, getting into the carriage, 'if it comes to a hand-to-hand fight between Hebe and me, I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any.'

"He laughed outright, and began telling me how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a nail or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of her foot. She was in intense agony and almost wild with the pain.

"*Long before we reached the enclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeting;* and, when we entered, we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, *and uttering long cries of anguish.* Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!

"Even Dick quailed now. 'You can never get near her,' he whispered. 'She'll kill you sure.'

"Her keeper divined what he said. 'Don't you be afraid, sir,' he called out to me. '*Hebe's got sense.*'

"I took my box of instruments from Mr. Barnum.

"'I like your pluck, my boy,' he said, heartily; but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

"The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

"While I was doing so as gently as I could, I felt, to my horror, a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's; but, as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me, it had an awful suggestiveness.

"'She's only curling your hair,' sang out the keeper. 'Don't mind her.'

"'I shall have to cut, and cut deep,' said I, by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, 'Cut away!'

"The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence.

"Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not ungently. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

"'Shall I cut again?' I managed to call out.

"'Cut away!' came again the encouraging response.

"This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife: the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business, and picked up me and my tools: I was as limp as a rag.

"It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some fancy horses. Barnum's circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"'Hebe's well and hearty, sir,' the keeper answered me. 'Come in and see her, she'll be glad to see you.'

"'Nonsense!' said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me, as I stepped into the tent.

"There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair,—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shivers I endured at my introduction to her!—*and then she slowly lifted up her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me.* That's the sober truth!" *Our Dumb Animals.*

WAITING FOR THAT CAT.

Waiting for that cat while the hack is at the gate,
Waiting for that cat when you know that you'll be late,
Just a cat,
A common cat.
Waiting for the check that your banker fails to write,
The days pass by in pleased anticipation;
You are sure that your hoard is secreted safe and tight,
And you spend it o'er and o'er in expectation.
But you have no hope like that
When you're waiting for the cat;
For you've searched the place in nervous desperation.

Waiting for that cat while the others say good-bye,
Waiting for that cat, your vacation seems to fly.
Waiting for your lover who loiters by the way
The moments haste in happy preparation;
For you know that, when he comes, you will pardon his delay,
And you greet him oft in fond imagination.
But you have no joy like that
When you're waiting for the cat;
For he doesn't cheer your journey's lone duration.

Waiting for that cat when the others all are gone,
Waiting for that cat in an empty house forlorn;
Waiting for the wealth of your uncle o'er the sea,
The weeks glide by in joyous calculation;
You've no cause for regret, although stingy he may be;
For he never can outlive his generation.
But you can't depend on that
When you're waiting for the cat;
For your lives are nine to one in their relation.

—*Susan F. Burbank.*

WHAT DOES IT COST?

What does it cost, this garniture of death?
It costs the life which God alone can give;
It costs dull silence where was music's breath;
It costs dead joy that foolish pride may live.
All life and joy and song, depend upon it,
Are costly trimmings *for a woman's bonnet.*

Oh! who would stop the sweet pulse of a lark
That flutters in such ecstacy of bliss?
Or lay a robin's bright breast cold and stark
For such a paltry recompense as this?
Oh! you who love your babies, think upon it,
Mothers are slaughtered *just to trim your bonnet!*

Will Herod never cease to rule the land
That we must slay sweet innocency so?
Is joy so cheap, or happiness sure planned?
Tell me, O friend who art acquaint with woe,
Does thy sad heart proclaim no protest on it?
Would'st thou slay happiness *just for a bonnet?*

And must *God's choirs,* that through his forests rove,
Granting sweet matinees to high and low,
Must his own orchestra of field and grove,
Himself their leader, be disbanded so?
Nay, nay, O God, proclaim Thy ban upon it,
Guard Thy dear birds from sport and greed *and bonnet!*

Their fine spun hammocks, swinging in the breeze,
Should be as safe as babies' cradles are;
And no rude hand that tears them from the trees,
Or dares a sweet bird's property to mar,
Deserves a woman's touch or kiss upon it,
Unless she wears dead birds upon her bonnet!

Dead birds! and dead for gentle woman's sake,
To feed awhile her vanity's poor breath!
And yet the foolish bells sweet clamor make
And tell of one whose power hath vanquished death!
Ah! Easter time has a reproach upon it
While birds are slain to trim a woman's bonnet!

—*May Riley Smith.*

EFFECT OF THE CAT'S PRESENCE.

An interesting story, told by Dean Schneider of the Cincinnati College of Engineering, indicates that there may be a use for the cat which has never before been realized. In discussing the deadening effects of automatic work in which the brain takes no part, he relates that in a certain piano factory a number of girls were employed in work requiring the closest application and

on the piece plan. They were the most discontented employees in the firm and were constantly shifting to other occupation. Various means to attract them were used, such as rest rooms and decorated surroundings, but without success. As a last resort the foreman got a fine big maltese cat and placed it in the room one morning before the girls arrived. This ended the trouble.

Every now and then the cat would jump into a girl's lap, and take her attention from her work for a few moments. The effect of this was to compel rest periods, relieving the tension of high speed, and permitting the elimination of fatigue at certain intervals.

A MOUNTAIN FARM.

ONE ON WILDCAT MOUNTAIN THE HIGHEST EVER CLEARED IN NEW ENGLAND.

Last night the north wind died of its own cold among the high peaks, and black frost bit deep down in the valley meadows, killing all tender herbage. Then morning broke in a sky of crystal clarity, of a blue as pure and cool as the hope of Heaven in the heart of a Puritan, through miles of which all objects showed as if through a lens. From the ledges of Wildcat Mountain I looked over to the summit of Mount Washington whose details were so plain that the five trains that came up were visible to the naked eye, and with glass I could see the people flow from them in a slow black stream, its tide flecked with the flotsam of fall millinery. So still was the air upon the summit that from each engine as it came in sight over the ridge stood high and straight a cloudy pillar of mingled smoke and steam. The Israelites who of old were thus led through the wilderness to the promised land could have had no more visible guide. Slowly to the mountain rim sank the frosted fragment of the once round and yellow moon, a wan, gray ghost seeking obliteration in the grayer ledges of the summit cone.

On these gray ledges of the cone the scant herbage of the summer clung in flowing, warm, tan-brown streaks, drifting down as snow does from the summit, but coloring only perhaps a twentieth part of the surface. All else was the gray of the rock, softened by distance into a cool delight to the eye. Lower the alpine garden slants toward the ravines, black in patches with dwarf firs, soft green in others where in moist hollows the grasses and moss still grow, but for the most part showing the olive yellow of autumn-tinted tundra. Only below this, where the garden drops off steeply to the slope between Tuckerman and Huntington ravines, was the rich yellow of the dwarf birches to be seen, here a clear sweep of color, lower still mottled with the black growth of spruce and fir.

There was never a flame of rock maple in sight on all the visible slope of the big mountain; but below, in the middle distance of a slope up to Slide Peak, below the boulder and from there down into Pinkham Notch, they flared, one after another, ending in a blazing group whose conflagration was stabbed by the points of the firs on the near slope of Wildcat.

Such beauties as these the mountains set daily before the eyes of the man who hewed out the highest farm in New England, a century or less ago, on the high shoulder of a westerly spur of Wildcat Mountain. Few New Englanders are farmers now. In the eighteenth century most of them were, and the tide of young men who had the courage and the brawn to build farms in the wilderness rose high in the New Hampshire hills. The river-bottom lands were taken up, then the lower valleys, then the higher slopes; and finally, as the nineteenth century grew, the ultimate pioneers landed on the very shoulders of the White Mountains. Up the valley of the Wildcat River climbed the Fernalds, the Hayeses, the Wilsons, the Meserves, Wentworths, Johnsons, and half a dozen other pioneer families, each hewing out of the terrific timber and grubbing out of the grim rocks with infinite labor the fields that to this day smile up to the sun.

Hall, the traditions have it, was the name of the highest-minded pioneer, who set his farm on a spur of Wildcat, twenty-five hundred feet above the sea-level. He is said to have been an educated man, born far down the State and educated in college. Tradition has it, too, that he was a poor farmer, which is what tradition always says of college men who farm. However that may be, he certainly was a worker. On his farm acre after acre of mighty trees crashed to the ground in the wine-sweet mountain air and went up again in the pungent smoke of the "burns," whereby the first settlers cleared their ground and made ready for their primitive first plantings. Gray ledges and black soil inextricably intermingled drop down his farm from terrace to terrace toward the Wildcat River, and on the highest of these stood his house. Its foundations only remain to-day, showing the vast square occupied by the central chimney. Around the foundations of this the cellar lingers, narrow and apologetic. The rooms above even must have been rather crowded by this

leviathan chimney, four-squared to the world and with a big fireplace on each side. We are apt to think of the houses of the early mountaineers as being cold in winter, but this one need never have been. That great bulk of enclosed chimney once warmed through would hold the heat in its stone heart for hours, and the wood for its reheating was so plentiful as to be in the way.

From his door sill to the south the pioneer's family looked forth upon the sweet curves of the Wildcat River valley at their very feet. From the shoaling green of the sea of air beneath them it deepens into a richer and softer blue as mile runs beyond mile to the spot where Thorn and Iron Mountains slope toward one another to a broad notch through which the glance runs on down the Saco to the horizon line where the Ossipee Mountains melt and mingle with the blue of the sky. Thorn Mountain blocks the lower end of the Wildcat Valley, in which the pioneer saw from his doorstone more farms than I see to-day. Down the slope of Wildcat beneath him a half dozen since his time have passed to the slumber of pasture or on to the complete oblivion of returning forest. Over on Black Mountain now unoccupied were as many more. But the view in the main is the same as he saw on clear September days, nor need one think he or any other mountain farmer was or is insensible to the beauty of it. You rarely get one to talk much about it,—they all know how poor things words are,—but they feel the joy of it for all that.

The nasal twittering of red-breasted nuthatches led me up the hill above the highest cleared terrace into the forest that from its multiplicity of fascinating wood roads gives evidence of having always been the farm woodlot. The pioneer should certainly have loved this hill. It sheltered him on all parts of his farm from the bite of winter winds out of the north-west. Out of its deep heart it gave him water that he had but to allow to run to his buildings, and from its top the wood which he cut would coast down grade to his fireplace. An hour before it had been a silent forest filled with a yellow underglow of sunlight, doubly distilled from the ripening leaves of white and yellow birch. Now in a moment it was filled with quaint twittering and snatches of eerie song. With the nuthatches came chickadees, and the red-breasted ones sang in part their song, at least an eerie imitation of it such as only nuthatches could make. The nuthatches are the goblin acrobats of the deep wood. Gravity may exist where they perform, but it does not trouble them. They walk with utter disregard to it, and in their evolutions I expect any day to see one fly upside down, and, if I were mean enough to shoot one, I would as soon expect him to fall up into the sky as to fall down to the ground. Nor would I be much surprised if he hung like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth. If brownies ever try to blow the notes of the chickadee's song on tiny tin trumpets, ranged in Palmer Cox rows on mossy tree trunks, they no doubt get the same result that the red-breasted nuthatches did that day in the woodlot of the highest farm in New England.

Beside this they sang little twittering ditties that were quite musical and altogether uncanny as well, and seemed to fill the golden woodland aisles with all sorts of suggestions, of goblin adventures to be found there. Between me and the deep heart of the Carter-Morgan range was unbroken wilderness out of which might well come any of the phantoms the Pequawkets were wont to declare they saw there.—*Winthrop Packard.*

What is excellent
As God lives is permanent.

Tell men what they knew before,
Paint the prospect from their door.

The beggar begs by God's command,
And gifts awake when givers sleep.

Nor art, nor power, nor toil can find
The measure of the eternal Mind.

Deep in the man sits fast his fate
To mold his fortunes, mean or great.

'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.

Heartily know,
When half-gods go
The gods arrive.

This passing moment is an edifice
Which the Omnipotent cannot rebuild.

Ever in the strife of your own thoughts
Obey the nobler impulse.

'Tis nobleness to serve—
Help them, who cannot help again.

Thy fortunes as they fall
The bias of thy will betray.

The soul
Shall have society of its own rank.

The brook sings on, but sings in vain,
Wanting the echo in my brain.

Oh, what is heaven but the fellowship
Of minds that each can stand against the world?

Do thy best,
Without remission, without rest.

There is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all.

There is no might in the universe
That can contend with Love. It reigns forever.

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken.

—*Emerson.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

['Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CHANGED INITIALS.

Example.—Change a fabric of fine thread to a contest in running. Answer: L—ace, R—ace.

1. Change a male deer to chance.
2. Change purpose to base.
3. Change useful animals to a combat.
4. Change anger to metal in its mineral state.
5. Change anxiety to unusual.
6. Change a leguminous plant to secretary to a college faculty.
7. Change peculiar to increase.
8. Change to endure to a period of time.

When the changes have been rightly made, and the words written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a holiday.

II.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am a word meaning a low place between hills; behead me, and I am a kind of beverage.
2. I am a word meaning value; behead me, and I am a cereal grass.
3. I am a word meaning a light anchor used in warping; behead me, and I am a word meaning brink.
4. I am a word meaning a public place for recreation; behead me, and I am the vessel which preserved Noah during the deluge.
5. I am a word meaning to bellow; behead me, and I am a long, slender implement to impel a boat.

III.

LITERARY CONTEST.

Fill the blank spaces with the titles of popular books.

F— and I— left the L— F— C— for a journey T— T— L—. On the way they met T— T— D—, who had been H— W— T—E—, and were now returning for a trip to T— N— F—. After spending three months I— N— L—, they returned home by way of the W— M— T—.

IV.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In bearable, but not in contest.
In reconsider, but not in missile.
In influenza, but not in offer.
In notch, but not in prism.
In wedlock, but not in unreal.
In sweet, but not in sour.
In solitary, but not in song.
In solvent, but not in spinner.

My *whole* are the names of two governors of Massachusetts.

V.

SOBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following:—

1. Lion of the North.
2. The Lion of the Tribe of Judah.
3. Maid of Orleans.
4. Old Noll.
5. The Braves of the Brave.

Answers to Puzzles in the July-August Number.

I. FLOWER PUZZLE.—Vacation.

II. HIDDEN RIVERS.—Missouri, Ohio, Colorado, Delaware, Red, Platte, Sacramento, Potomac, Saco, St. Lawrence.

III. A DIAMOND.—

T
THE
THORN
ERA
N

IV. HIDDEN SISTERS.—The Vowels.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. GEORGE G. SAVILLE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be no meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange during the summer. Notice will be given of the first meeting in the autumn.

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It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

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Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.